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The Bright Side."

A HISTORY OF MY LIFE.

EDWARD L. POTTS.



Yours, on the "Bright Side" of life.
"Eddie"

"THE BRIGHT SIDE,"

With History Of My Life.

By **EDWARD L. POTTS.**



PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Louisville, Ky.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We the undersigned hereby recommend Edward L. Potts to be honest and upright in all of his dealings and his character above reproach. We consider him a worthy, deserving young fellow. Owing to his physical infirmities he is unable to do the ordinary work of a man and any consideration shown him will be very much appreciated by him and ourselves.

A. Cunningham, V. P. & Cash. Peoples Bank
C. P. Deming, Jr., Asst. Cash. Peoples Bank.
Byron Tisdale, Asst. Cash. Peoples Bank.

Mr. Edward L. Potts,
Owassa, Ala.

My dear Boy: I am glad indeed to have your good letter telling me that you are ready to bring out your book.

I remember all about the anxiety that I felt in bringing my own book to press when I was on bed, and I am glad to send you my check for \$12, per my agreement sometime ago. God bless you and give you increasing victory.

Faithfully yours,
CONGRESSMAN W. D. UPSHAW,
Atlanta, Ga.

Brother Upshaw was the first one to give me an advanced order for my books, and he helped me by advising how to prepare my book for the press, etc.

“THE BRIGHT SIDE,” WITH HISTORY
OF MY LIFE.

INTRODUCTION.

To My Readers:

I have had it on my mind for a long time to write a little book—the history of my life. It is a large task for one whose education is so meager, but believing it to be God’s will, by His help I am writing this little message hoping it may be a bit of inspiration to someone, somewhere. Probably it may help someone to see the “bright side” of life as I have seen it. You who read this little book will please overlook all mistakes.

“Through this toilsome world, alas,
Once and only once I pass.
If a kindness I may show
If a good deed I may do
To my suffering fellowmen;
Let me do it while I can,
Nor delay it for ’tis plain
I’ll not pass this way again.”

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CHAPTER I.

MY CHILDHOOD DAYS.

I was born October 2, 1882, in Conecuh County, Alabama. I am now living near the Sepulga River about twenty miles from where my childhood days were spent. Many happy days did I spend on this river. My earliest recollections are those of playing with my corncob oxen, hauling logs to my little mill. My brother and I would get out hewn timber and haul it with our corncob oxen, to the river. We had a little brook for our river. We built little houses, fenced little fields and raised little crops.

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

O, those happy days of childhood
When on little fields I stood,
And my tiny seeds did sow;
Those sweet days of long ago.

Brother and I, we never failed
To fence our little farm with rails.
We never failed to make a crop,
And never let our little fence rot.

You see our oxen we had to feed,
So we planted corn and peas.
Yes, we needed peas and corn
To feed our oxen with no horns.

One old ox we had named Red,
He would nearly eat off his head ;
But always when we were hauling
I never knew old Red stalling.

Another ox we had named Blue,
He was tied the long day through ;
For if loose he'd always run
And old Blue could sure go some.

I cannot all their names recall,
One, I know we had, named Ball.
And old Ben, Buck, Nig and Jess ;
I'll leave the rest for you to guess.

We had our geese and ducks and chicks,
Always killed one when we were sick.
We had horses, hogs and cows,
We worked our horses to our plows.

Thus the days of childhood passed
All too soon, 'tis ours at last
Now to work and not to play,
Even the oxen went their way.

E. L. P.

When I was about nine years old I came in possession of a little dog—a mere puppy, with white and red specks scattered all over him. I raised him from the time he was very small. I called him Sang. He was a fine dog and where I went Sang went, though he seldom followed me to school. When I would



From Rosaline, by permission.
Among Nature (A Friend)

get in hearing distance of the house I would hollow and Sang would come out to meet me. Then he got the remnant of my noon-day meal which he enjoyed very much. He was my constant companion and we roamed the woods many times.

OUR LITTLE TRAIL.

Over the forest we used to roam
Sang and I, all around home,
Over the fences, among the trees,
Into the water up to our knees.

Down to the river we would go,
Up the hills fast or slow.
Often a little trail we went
When by Mama we were sent.

To Grandma's house this little trail led
And o'er it often did our little feet tread.
One thing which happened very rarely
When mother did not say, "Don't tarry."

But if perchance Sang treed a rabbit,
As that most surely was his habit,
I was sure to waste some time
Getting the rabbit out of the pine.

A log lengthwise in this trail
Across we'd trot with our little pail.
This log made a bridge across the brook
In the quiet, shady little nook.

When from Grandma's we are back again,
Mother says, "Where have you been?"
"Mother, don't you want some rabbit?
Just look here, you may have it.' "

But Sang the rabbit would get to eat
And he thought rabbit was very good meat.
Sometimes a ham I liked to bake,
Just for the change that it would make.

Sometimes we went to the gopher holes
Just to have a little stroll.
Sometimes the gophers we would snare,
Sang and I the fun would share.

In the pond we had a boat,
It would not many people tote,
For it was made of a wooden box
And sometimes it wet our sox.

Poor old Sang, he began to pine,
Of his disease there was no sign.
He became very poor indeed,
To doctor him there seemed no need.

On one cold and frosty morning,
Just as the golden day was dawning;
My brother came to me and said,
"In the potato house, Sang is dead."

So on that cold and frosty day
Sang in his little grave was laid.
There he sleeps, so sweetly sleeps
By the river where violets peep.

E. L. P.

CHAPTER II.

MY SCHOOL DAYS.

I did not have a chance to go to school any until I was about ten years of age. After I started to school I did not go regularly for I had to work. I would go a few days and then have to stop a few days, therefore I did not get very much education. The school was two and one half miles from home, and as soon as I began to have rheumatism I could not walk, and suffered too, so that I could not study. I love that old school-house where I used to go to school. It was a little church which was used for a school-house. We did not have desks like the ones we have now. We sat on home-made benches that were so high that our feet were dangling, as they did not reach the floor. For a back there was one plank that struck us about the neck, which was very uncomfortable as you know. I am not complaining, for that was the best they knew to do in those days. I am glad that the children today have more comfortable places to study and get an education.

This old school-house is still standing, but is not used any more. I visited this place about two years ago, went into the dust-covered church. I also went down the hill to the spring; though the path is now a large gul-

ley. I used to run foot races down this hill to the spring. The hill where we used to slide down on our slide-board, is now a field. I always liked to go to school though I did have poor health when I went. I loved to take my little pail and trot up the road to school and at noon to get out on a log and eat my dinner. Then to spend the noon hour playing baseball, catch ball, snap and the like; was the greatest time of my life for then I could run and play with other children.

SCHOOL DAYS.

My childhood days in school,
I did not go to shirk;
For they were few enough,
As I must stay and work.

But a blessing were each one,
Since a cripple I've become;
Had I not gone at all
What could I have done?

Though few those bright school days,
To me were always merry,
And here I learned new ways
To make life bright and cheery.

My days even now are bright,
I still find little ways
To keep my pathway bright—
For I have found it pays.

CHAPTER III.

MY HEALTH AND WORK.

When I was a child I was stout and could run, jump and play like other children. But if I ran and played very much during the day, my legs would hurt me at night so that I could not sleep, and mama would have to get up and doctor me with liniments and one thing or another. Mother says she thinks my-legs hurt me when I was a baby for I often had spells of crying when she could not tell what the trouble was.

After awhile I began to have spells of rheumatism and it would hurt me in my hips, knees and feet, but I could go to a doctor and get medicine that seemed to help me. As soon as I was large enough I began to work in the field. But my first work was tending the hogs, cows and chickens; getting the calves up every morning and holding them off while mother would milk. I also got in the wood and did all such jobs as came up around the house. My first work in the field was to clear new ground, picking up trash, cutting bushes and chopping cotton. I also picked cotton in the fall of the year. Then I began to plow and plowed three years.

When I was about thirteen years of age the rheumatism began on me bad. First it started in my feet and they would swell so

that I could not get my shoe on. Papa went with me to a doctor and got some medicine which helped me a little. I went back to the doctor and told him that the medicine seemed to help me, and he said, "If you can get anything that will help you at all you had better get it," so I knew it must be a bad case. The next medicine did not help me at all and I continued to grow worse. The pains went into my knees and they swelled and then went in my hips.

I never was any hand to give up so kept on working. I plowed as long as I could follow the plow, then took the hoe and hoed until I could hardly get to the field. It would hurt my feet and legs so bad to walk but I would hobble along. Mother would try to get me to quit work but I kept on trying. On Monday morning I would think, "Well, I'll try to make it until Saturday night, and then I can rest on Sunday." And I would be so glad when Saturday night came. I would often get to where it seemed as though I could not go another step, and I had to almost grit my teeth when it pained me so badly. I tried first one remedy and then another, but none seemed to help me. Yet I looked on the bright side and kept on going. My friends, this "Bright Side" is the side to look on. I do not know what I would have done had I not found a "Bright Side."

CHAPTER IV.

MY LAST WORK IN THE FIELDS.

My last work in the field, to amount to anything, was in June of 1898. I was hoeing some millet cane down in the field about a quarter of a mile from the house. A shower of rain came up about eleven o'clock and I got under a water oak to try to keep dry, but I got a little wet, and when I had gone to the house and eaten my dinner, I could hardly get up. When I did get up I went to bed and have not done much work in the field since. I continued to get worse and had to use a stick to walk with and could get about very little. The rheumatism was in my feet, knees, hips and back and God only knows what I suffered.

I do not like to dwell on these times when I suffered so much, but I am only telling you this because I want you to know all about my life. Please do not think I am complaining, this is something I have never done. I do not like to talk to people about my troubles, aches and pains. I had rather talk about the "Bright Side" of life.

But I suffered awful those days and nights and could sleep but very little. Maybe I would drop off to sleep just before day-light but I never slept all night. I could hardly move or ride in a buggy and seldom got away

from home. Sometimes I went to my grandparent's and also to visit my uncles, neighbors and friends, but I did not go to church much because of my suffering. So time went on and I realized that I was a cripple for life, and therefore I reconciled myself to my condition.

RECONCILED.

When first a cripple I became,
And saw that I was getting lame;
To me it seemed a little hard—
To take new ways and from the old depart.

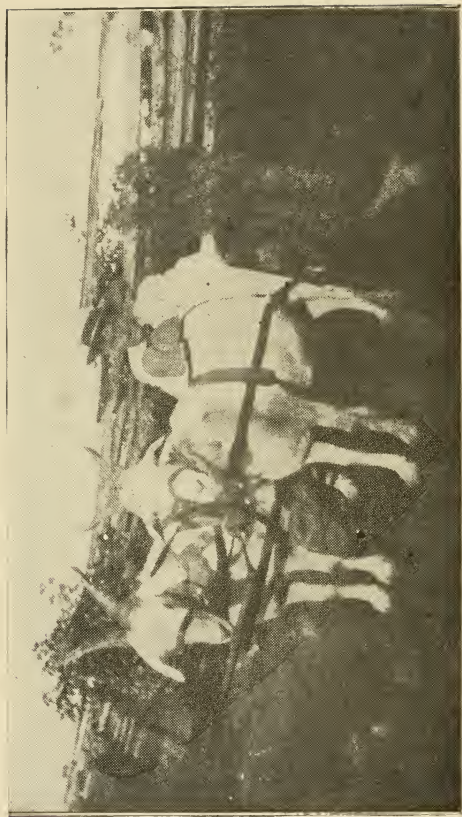
After a while I was resigned,
I knew 'twas best not to repine.
I began to look for little sunbeams,
A little scarce at first they seemed.

Now I find on this way, sunshine,
This way has made me feel sublime.
Friends, whate'er your lot, do not sigh,
You'll see the sunbeams if you try.

Whatever then our lot may be,
The sunbeams are for you and me.
Do you find them as I do,
Scattered around for me and you?

I know now, this is a grand way,
As I watch the sunbeams 'round me play.
And they grow brighter each day and hour—
As I watch them from my little tower.

E. L. P.



Eddie, and Bob and Bill.

After a few years I got so I did not suffer so much as at first, but my joints were stiff. I got so I could travel quite a bit by using crutches which papa made for me. Of course, I could walk no great distance, only around the house.

In the spring of 1905 I took very sick and was so sick everyone thought I would not live. The doctor who was caring for me, said that there was no chance for me and quit coming to see me. One day there happened along another doctor who came in to see me, and he said he could get me out of bed but that I would never be straight. I think it was before this doctor came that I had a kind of a vision. One day when I was very sick it seemed to me that I was taken up on spiritual wings where there was a ladder pointing heavenward. I started up this ladder and climbed for a long time. Then I came to a door where someone was standing whom I thought was Jesus. He seemed to say, "You can go back and stay a little longer, I have something for you to do." I know this was no ordinary dream for it seemed so different, but I cannot explain the difference.

One time after I began to improve, (could get about in the house a little) I felt sleepy late one afternoon and went into my room and lay across the bed. I dropped off into a very deep sleep. It seemed I was having a

sweet rest when one of my sisters came to call me for supper. She could not wake me and ran for someone to help her, but it was quite awhile before they could wake me up.

After this, the doctor began to treat me and I improved some, but it was some time the next year before I could get around any. From that day to this I have never straightened up. My head is drawn almost to my knees, am perfectly stiff in my hips and back. My feet and knees are drawn some. I use little short crutches. I do not use them under my arm, just in my hands. After my joints got so stiff I did not suffer any real pain and can get around very well, though I cannot straighten. I have good use of my hands and arms and can pick myself up on anything with them.

After this sick spell I became interested in other cripples and shut-ins. Through the Shut-in Societies I have learned to know many and have corresponded with a number of them. Here is where I get some of my real sunbeams. There are none who can sympathize with the afflicted like they can with each other. Those who have passed under the rod of affliction can feel for each other as no one else can. Of course we have many loving and sympathetic people who will do all they can for us but they do not know like those who are afflicted. We who

are afflicted could not do without the help of kindred who do so much for us. My heart goes out in thankfulness to those who have helped and are ever ready to help the afflicted ones. I cannot express my gratitude in words but I feel it just the same. Those who are always ready to lend a hand to our infirmities, shall have many stars in their crown when Jesus calls them to get their reward for work in this life and their service to "the least of these." We all have a work to do, even we afflicted ones can do something to help our fellowmen.

There is a place for us to fill,
Some work for us to do—
That no one else can or will
Do quite as well, 'tis true.

It may be close along our way,
Some little homely duty,
That only wants our touch and sway
To blossom into beauty.

Or it may be that daily tasks—
Cheerfully seen and done,
Will lead to greater tasks that ask
For us, and us alone.

Let us be brave whate'er it be,
The little or the great,
To meet and do it perfectly,
Then we have conquered fate.

CHAPTER V.

MY TRIP TO THE HOSPITAL.

In the year of 1909 I had another little spell of sickness, not so bad as the first ones. I got so I could eat but very little, lived on milk for awhile. It was decided that maybe something could be done for me at a hospital in New Orleans, La. So on November 17, I went to New Orleans and the next day I entered Charity Hospital. I had never seen the like of sick people as I saw there. There were certainly a lot of them at that place. When I first got there the doctors seemed to think they could straighten me some. But after I stayed there awhile they examined me more closely and decided I had been drawn too long, it would not do to try to straighten me. They treated me for my general health and it improved a great deal and has been good ever since. I stayed in the hospital about three months. For three or four years before I went to the hospital I could hardly eat anything at all, but after I came back I could eat some of most anything. Of course I am particular about my eating yet and about the hygienic rules of health.

I went to a Sanitorium in Kirksville, Mo., in September, 1919. My good friends and

some of my relatives contributed the money for me to go to the hospital, thinking they might do something toward straightening me there. I had a long ride on the train. I rode for two days and one night. Though I only stayed there about ten days, the people treated me so kindly that it seems I had known them for a long time. I made many friends on the way there and back. I went and came by the way of Montgomery and Birmingham, Ala., Nashville, Tenn., Evansville, Ind., St. Louis, Mo., and on into the northern part of Missouri, where Kirksville is located. I think it is about one thousand miles from Kirksville to my home. I live eighty-four miles below Montgomery, Ala., on the L. & N. R. R., two miles from a little place called Wilcox.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days look dark and all looks blue,—
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

CHAPTER VI.

SOMETHING OF MY LIFE.

I live in the country on a farm with my father and mother. My parents are sixty years old. I am the oldest of six children. I have two brothers and three sisters, all are grown and married. I weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have dark hair and brown eyes. Though I am badly crippled and cannot straighten up, I can get about very well, though my head is down when I walk or stand. I have good use of my hands and arms, and have not suffered any real pain for several years. My general health is good, so don't you think I have much to be thankful for? I am a bachelor, have never been married, though I love all the girls. I do like to be with and correspond with those who see life as I do. Those who are afflicted but who are on the sunny side of life, are the ones I especially enjoy being with or reading letters from. Those are real little sunbeams and I like to send sunshine in exchange. But I often wonder if any are as bright as those which I receive.

A SUNBEAM.

I wonder if I a sunbeam could be,
To shine in dark places where Jesus could
see,

To lift up the fallen or cheer up the faint,
Or lighten the burden of some weary saint.

I'll scatter sunshine on the way so bare,
Where thousands of travelers are loaded with
care;

And cast a gleam o'er the face of the sick
To show how God's power can bring changes
quick.

I'll visit the homes where little ones dwell,
Who love to play with the sunbeams so well;
And there bring a smile to each little face,
So they too may feel His love and His grace.

Oh, there is the mother with her load of care,
I'll try to lighten the trials she bears.
Each morning I will give her a ray of light,
To shine round about from morn until night.

Yes, I had rather a sunbeam be,
To scatter my blessings on land and sea,
Than have all the gold a king can own
And have a palace for my home.

—Mamie E. Brown.

CHAPTER VII.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

One of my greatest pleasures is to be with the children and share in their innocent play and amusements. I love all the children and to be with them, helps to dispel the gloom. The prettiest sight in all the world to me is, the sweet little innocent child in its play. Dear little children, while I am getting old in years, I am still young in mind and heart, and if I live to be twice as old, I want to stay young in mind. This house of clay may get old and crumble and decay but by eating the "Bread of Life" which Jesus gives, the inner man is renewed day by day, and will never grow old. Jesus loves the little ones and when He was here on earth He took them in His arms and blessed them. Would you not like for Jesus to take you on His knee and lay His loving hands on your head? There is nothing so lovely as a pure innocent child, and Jesus tells men and women that unless they become as little children, they cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven. Dear children, try to always be as a little child as you grow into manhood and womanhood, stay pure in thought and deed. Keep your soul unspotted from the things of the world, stay pure and white and as you grow older in years also



With the Children.

grow in spirit and knowledge of our Lord Jesus. Keep your eyes ever on that bright and shining way that leads to that great city, "The New Jerusalem." If you want to be loved by everybody you must be kind and good to them and love them. Then they will love you in return. Never let bad or unkind words pass from your lips. Be kind and obedient to your parents, keep pure love and kindness ever streaming from your soul. Never take anything into your body that will retard your growth physically or mentally. Read good wholesome books and papers and especially the Bible, as it is the best Book that was ever written. Solomon says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The Christian life is the happiest, grandest, and most noble life you can live. It will make you happy to live for the right. So dear children, you belong to Jesus now and as you grow older continue to be His and let nothing separate you from Him. Abhor all evil and stand for the right.

"BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER."

Kind words cost us nothing,

But fill the heart with cheer.

Just speak them always darling,

Some one sure will hear.

Only a kind word spoken

To a soul with guilt oppressed,

It healed a heart that was broken,
And taught of love so blest.

Dear children, let us live each day so that
we will say nothing or do nothing that we
would not want Jesus to know.

*To you my dear children so bright,
A few words of warning and comfort I write;
Live always as under the "eye of the Lord,"
And keep from all evil at home and abroad.

Whatever you think in joy or in woe,
Think nothing you would not like Jesus to
know.

Whatever you say, be careful my dear,
Say nothing you would not like Jesus to hear,

Whatever you read or wherever it be,
Read nothing you would not like Jesus to see;
Whatever you write in haste or in heed,
Write nothing you would not like Jesus to
read.

Wherever you go, never go where you'd fear
To ask Jesus to go, if He were here.
Whatever you would do for others, or for
self,

Do nothing you could not ask Jesus to help.

A good rule to follow and one that is safe,
(As through this life you your journey take)
is whatever you do or wherever you go,
Do nothing you would not want Jesus to
know.

—L. O. Hinton.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLAYING.

Dear children, to be with you I do enjoy,
Just the same as if I were a little boy.
When I get to feeling just a little blue
Then it is dear children that I come to you.

When there's little shadows creeping in my
mind,
I go to the children, of shadows there's no
sign.

Dear children, were it not for you
Surely, I would not know what to do.

With the children I like to play
For I too have little ways.
The children, I love them every one,
With them I always have lots of fun.

Yes, we have good times together,
Especially when it is pretty weather.
Though the weather be a little flurry,
Over this we do not worry.

No, over the weather we do not pine,
Let it be bad or let it be fine;
For we are on the side that's sunny,
We can always play something funny.

If very bad, the weather, you see,
We often go play hide and seek,
Behind the doors, under the bed,
And often a bump we get on the head.

With the dolls we sometimes play,
When in the house we have to stay.
Some live here, some live there
In the corner, most anywhere.

Have doll things all in a pile,
Go to see each other awhile.
Then we have the dolls to dress,
So I see after little Jess.

Most always when it is raining
We will have a little singing,
We keep time with the drops of rain
As they hit on the window pane.

Don't you know what all we do?
I cannot tell it half, to you.
But I can tell you we do enjoy
Playing with dolls and all kinds of toys.

When it is getting a little late,
A visit to the kitchen we take;
To the pantry we go creeping,
Into the safe we begin peeping.

There we find some bread and butter
Sitting on a shelf in the cupboard.
Then we find some potatoes and meat,
And on the door-step we take a seat.

There we talk of pleasures sweet,
While we eat our bread and meat.
Talk of one thing then another,
Tell of how we love each other.

Then I tell them stories too true,—
Of when I could walk just as they do,
How I used to run foot races,
And sometimes won in first places.

Of the time when I was straight,
To no one did I need say, "wait."
Then I could anyone outrun,
Beat them running just for fun.

Tell them of my days in school
What I got for breaking the rule.
Of only two licks I ever got—
For laughing! I didn't care a rot.

Couldn't forget those two licks if I tried,
Me and two others, sitting side by side.
I know right where we'd always sit,
On a bench up by the p-u-l-p-i-t.

You see we got to laughing out,
I do not know just what about,
First we knew, down on our back
Came the switch with, "ca-whack."

On the switch a shoe button was kept,
And where it hit the sign was left.
Let it come down with "sa-whop"
Then the laughing soon would stop.

Dear children, listen very closely
While we eat our bread that's toasted;
Of those days that I am talking,
When straight up I was walking.

When I could run fast and jump high,
But for those days I do not sigh.
For still I am with children dear.
See, they are sitting now, right here.

Children, my age is thirty-nine,
In mind I am no more than nine.
You see I love your little ways,
And with you still I love to play.

But children, don't you think we've eat
All our bread, butter, potatoes and meat.
Now let's wash our face and hands,
Please run in and get the wash pan.

Children, what next shall we do?
I'll do anything that suits you.
As we now can see the sun,
In the yard we'll have some fun.

There is room enough for all,
Now let everyone play ball.
We'll pitch the ball ten times each,
How to catch it, I will teach.

Then we'll have a little rope jumping,
Where you give your toes a bumping.
We'll build for us a house of clay,
And there a little while we'll stay.

We will go to the bed of sand
There we'll take a little stand.
We'll build a little house for froggy,
If the sand is not too boggy.

We have played all these, have we?
What'll we do next, let's see!
Let's ali go and sit on the stile,
There we'll rest a little while.

Look over yonder, what do we see?
We can see numerous kinds of trees.
See, way up in the high hill top,
I'd just as soon go there as not.

What do you all have to say?
Let all shout, that's the way!
Sure, always when the weather's good
We take a little trip to the woods.

So I get Bob and Bill,
Here we go to the hill.
Bill and Bob are goats of mine
Which never cut up a shine.

Like little horses do they work,
From their duty they never shirk.
Both of them are very white,
You can see them in the night.

Here we are on the hill so high,
All around we can see the sky.
Here we have a little round,
Then sit down on a little mound.

Up on this little mound we may
Look and see far, far away.
Across the river we can see
Over the hill-tops and the trees.

We gaze at a little rivulet,
There we're going soon, you bet.
This is the grandest place to be
Among all nature, don't you see?

Such a beautiful place as this
All our time we'll never miss.
Oh, how wonderful! we exclaim,
Are the beautiful things we name.

Beautiful nature all so grand,
Then the children they all stand
Still of beauties rare, exclaiming,
We begin a little song singing.

E. L. P.

CHAPTER IX.

NATURE.

Oh, Nature beautiful and grand,
As on this little mound we stand.
With you we are playing,
With you we are staying.

Oh, beautiful nature of ours,
With you those happy hours.
I will play all the time,
Beautiful nature of mine.

We love the sun, we love the trees,
This is the place for you and me.
Sun, let your rays on us abound,
As we stand on this little mound.

Sun, dear sun, let sunbeams spring
While this little song we sing.
Let your pretty sunshine beams stay,
With us here, while yet we play.

We love the clouds and sky so blue,
Nature's wonders all seem so true.
We love the plains and the hills
And the valleys by the rills.

We love the stars, we love the moon,
The flowers that bloom by the lagoon.
The stars and moon we watch at night,
Which is a most beautiful sight.

From this mound we now must go,
Down in the valley, don't you know?
A message of cheer we all send,
As this little song we end.

Now we have sung our little song,
We're going down to a little pond.
So here we go down the hill
To the pond and the rill.

We gather holly 'neath the bay,
Just before Christmas day.
Now we'll build a flutter mill,
And put it in this little rill.

And we'll take a hook and line,
That we make from a vine.
For a hook we use a pin,
To catch fish it is no sin.

Here children dear, get your lids,
The sun is now almost hid.
Look, over the hill, how red,
The sun is now going to bed.

I can hear the cricket humming,
We had better be a running;
Thought I heard my mama calling,
Hasten, or we'll get a mauling.

To one house we now are nearing,
But here we must not be tarrying;
For some live over the hill,
They are a mile from home, still.

So we all say good-bye,
And old Bob, Bill and I,
We go down the hill a staving,
And I look back and keep waving.

Soon in slumberland, each one,
There to dream of our fun.
There to dream of the day,
Which so quickly passed away.

E. L. P.



CHAPTER X.

WITH THE CHILDREN, BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

What is sweeter than children, birds and flowers? I am writing these lines in the springtime. I am always glad to see spring come, after the long winter months. But I love all the seasons of the year. I love the spring, the summer, the fall and winter too

Children who read my little book,
And on its little pages look;
Come with me, a trip we'll race,
Let me show you a pretty place.

Children, let me take you away,
From the busy scenes of the day,
From its gain and from its strife,
To a place which I call "Life."

Come with me, though in mind it be,
I want you this place to see.
All of you come and go with us,
For we never will have a fuss.

I will show you a real good time
So come, all of you, get in line.
We will go just two by two,
Come on, every one of you.

To you whom I do not know,
You need not come so slow,
Though I am crippled up
And may look a little tough.

I'm not so bad as you may take,
I hope you will not, me forsake.
I love you, each and every one,
So come, and we will have some fun.

Come on, and I will tell my name,
The name of one who is so lame.
Come on, I want acquaintance, lots,
My name I say, is Edward L. Potts.

Now have you all run and hid?
And laughed? I bet you did.
That is all right, I do not care,
I like to see you kids "rare."

I'm not a common pot, I tell you—
That we put cabbage or turnips into;
Though these things, this Pott does need,
It's a new kind, strictly self-feed.

You see this Pott-s is a new invention,
Now let me have your strict attention.
Please do not run, all of you kids,
This Pott-s takes off his own lid.

Has four legs when he is walking,
Only two when sitting and talking.
You see, two of my legs are detachable,
Now you'll be going away snatch-in-em.

There are some, call me Mr. Potts,
To be called this I had rather not.

"Mr. Eddie," some like to call me,
Just plain "Eddie" I had rather be.

Makes no difference what I'm called,
Not much difference to me at all—
Just so you "holler" when its time to eat
And say "at the table take a seat."

My name I've said, is Edward L. Potts.
Do you like it, or do you not?
Now come on little children dear,
Of where I live you now will hear.

I live down in Southern Alabama,
Where you can see the yellow-hammer.
Down there where lots of cotton grows,
Where there are many gopher holes.

In Conecuh county, on a farm,
Where the birds and flowers swarm.
Near the river, the brooks and hills
Here is the place that I live, still.

Our county seat, a little town, Evergreen,
From Montgomery and Mobile, halfway between.

From the county seat ten mile or about,
Six miles from the P. O. Owasso on the route.

From the railroad, two and one-half mile,
Here I go to market, once in a while.
Of where I live, if more you wish to learn,
You can with me, to another place turn.

Now children don't you think this will do?
Get your hats and caps, everyone of you.
In mind, those who know me in person too,
Though to some it will be nothing new.

To a shady grove and a little flower bed,
There is where we will all be led.
Where the song birds sing every day,
There is where we will go to play.

Where the little bees are humming
And the rabbits all are running.
Where the squirrels each other chasing,
Up and down the trees a racing.

Off to this little land of wonders
There we will have a day to plunder.
All of you come, get in a row,
It is now time for us to go.

To a shady little grove,
This is where we want to rove.
Here are many flowers wild,
We will stay here a long while.

On the steep side of the hill
Where all nature seems so still.
Except us children, birds and flowers,
We will stay here a few hours.

Among the trees, the birds, the flowers,
We sure can spend some happy hours.
We hear the little birdies chirp,
See every one is at his work.

Children, let's gather flowers awhile,
And put them on a little pile.
Let us gather first, the roses
Putting each one to our noses.

Dont you think that they are pretty?
Yes, I know you do most surely.
All the flowers are so sweet,
At them we will take a peep.

Pretty violets all so blue,
In them we will take a "through"
We will gather bouquets of them,
For we like to pull at their stem.

Of all flowers we so much love,
They are linked with heaven above.
Lovely violets, so sweet so pure,
They will anyone, to good allure.

After we have gathered flowers wild,
Then we go sit down awhile.
We will all the flowers take,
And will many a bouquet make.

Then while we are sitting down,
On a little grassy lounge;
We will all our flowers divide,
While we're sitting side by side.

Some blue violets each will take,
And some roses for love's sake.
We make bouquets of many kind,
Can't tell them all, have not the time.



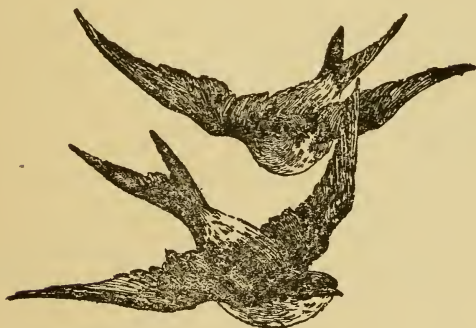
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True friendship is sweet,
True friends love to greet.

Here on this little grassy seat,
Where everything seems extremely neat;
Here we sit a time that is long,
And listen to the little bird's song.

While we sit on this mossy place,
We will watch the squirrels as they trace;
Each other up and down the trees,
And go running through the leaves.

We'll watch the birds build their nest,
It seems they never need to rest.
To watch them hop from tree to tree,
We think a bird we'd like to be.



CHAPTER XI.

SPRING.

Spring, beautiful spring, has come ;
Listen to the bees, how they hum !
Listen ! how the birdies sing,
They all know that it is spring.

Buds now on the trees are popping,
Through the trees the birds are hopping.
Each one seems to be doing their best
To find a place to build their nest.

Listen' while the birds are singing,
Cow-bells over the hills are ringing.
The lambs are playing over the hill,
Skipping down by the little rill.

Pretty little flowers, wild
Have been asleep for a while.
But you'll see them pretty soon,
They will all be in full bloom.

All the seasons of the year are lovely,
If we will each one of them study.
On the "Bright Side" there is no reason,
You should not find beauty, in every season.

Children, don't you think this fine ?
This place, to me seems most divine.
In this place all seems so nice,
Just like a little Paradise.

E. L. P.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

In our dreams we often wander,
In a dreamland bright and fair.
In a land where flowers of beauty,
With sweet fragrance scent the air.

There's a dream of golden vision,
Of a heavenly land so bright,
That I dreamed of, could I only
Now to you this message write.

Lo' I wandered in a country—
Beautiful beyond compare,
Golden harps were ever sounding,
Heavenly music in the air.

Rivers, too, as clear as crystal,
Fountains with their silver spray,
And the light of that country,
Clearer than the light of day.

—*Selected.*

"IN THE SWEET BY AND BY."

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar.
For our Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest.
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise.
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Refrain—

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
—By S. Filmore Bennet—Jos. P. Webster.

Yes, dear children, we'll meet over there.
If we're good, kind and true while we're here.
By and by, on some glad happy day,
On that bright, golden shore we shall play.

There will be sweet perfumes on the air,
From the trees of life over there.
Where sweet flowers, will ne'er fading grow,
So much sweeter than those here below.

Then dear children, won't that be grand,
On the banks of that river to stand?
On the banks of the River of Life,
We will play in the sweet by and by.

Chorus—

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall play on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall play on that beautiful shore.
E. L. P.

LAST WORDS TO THE CHILDREN.

I expect to try always to be like you,
Dear children, gentle, pure, kind and true.
Jesus said, unless we be as a little child,
We can not get to heaven after a while.

Now children before you take your leave,
Something I will ask, if you please
Get each one of your many friends,
An order for my book to send.

These orders mean very much to me,
And when they come, how glad I'll be.
They'll make me feel like a little boy—
When he gets his first little toy.

Dear children, tell every one you meet,
To order a book, now wont you? "Sweet"
Many thanks to you every one,
Don't you think we've had some fun?

How do you like me? won't you tell?
Do you think you like me very well?
Hope you will all write me sometimes,
Enclose a stamp and I'll answer every time.

And now be kind and gentle and true,
Then people will always have love for you.
Keep your eyes on the shining way ever,
And from Jesus never be severed.

If on the shining way you keep,
In Jesus' arms you'll safely sleep.
Ever in Jesus put your trust,
Never for any evil thing lust.

From the sunny side do not be parted,
Always be cheerful and light hearted.
Don't look for things to grumble at,
For you will find something, this or that.

Grumblers who look for nothing new
Never find anything, that, is true.
If they do it is something bad,
And they make everybody sad.

With you children, birds and flowers,
I have spent such pleasant hours.
Now from you I hesitate to leave,
It is so pleasant here under the trees.

But now I guess we will have to go,
Dear children, you will be good, so
We will meet in the sweet by-and-by
For this time we will say, "good by."

E. L. P.

A WISH.

The children I so fondly love,
I still will love them up above,
Dear children play around my grave,
As time goes on, from day to day.

And around my grave, in a ring,
Sweet songs, I want you there to sing.
Sing of that sweet, happy day
When again with me you'll play.

Bring the roses so wild and free,
Plant them where blossoms wave over me.
Bring little children to sit on my grave.
There tell of Jesus the mighty to save.

Tell them that death is a wide open door,
Through which I've passed to the heavenly
shore.

Where I will meet them and greet them
again,
Free from all sorrow and free from all pain.

Tell them to gather the roses and strew,
Over my grave as they homeward go.
Their friend will look down from mansions
above
And love them and bless them with Heaven's
love.

When from this world I am called to depart,
Here is a wish that comes from my heart;
That this little poem may be placed,
On something that marks my resting place.

E. L. P.

CHAPTER XII.

WITH THE SHUT-INS.

“Shut in with Jesus, Oh’ wonderful thought,
Shut in with the peace His suffering brought.
Shut in with the love that wields the rod,
Oh’ company blessed, shut in with God.”

* * * *

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
—Psa. 23

* * * *

Dear sick and suffering ones, do not despair,
For ’tis to you, God gives His tenderest care.
The Shepherd walking, ’mongst his sheep,
Seeks out the weary, sick ones and doth keep
Them ever near so to guide and lead,
And give them of His comfort in their need;
Are you too tired to put your prayer into
speech?

Be comforted, your Father you may reach
With just a thought as with closed eyes you
lie,

Waiting for pain to pass you by.
Just think your prayer, the Father knows it
all,

And bending low He hears the silent call.
Do not despair, dear sick and loved ones,
doubt nor fear,

Just look for Him, and Lo’ He is near.

Mary D. Brine.



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In the springtime of life it is sweet to wander
by streams 'mid flowers.

There is a bright and golden light,
That is shining on our way
Tis the light of a Savior's love,
And will lead to endless day.

* * * * *

HIS WILL BE DONE.

Oh' let us never then repine,
Of worry, let there be no sign.
There's a happy time for everyone
If Jesus' will is truly done.

Let us seek to do His will,
Though He asks us to be still;
For His way is always best,
And will give us peace and rest.

Let "His will not mine be done"
Then we'll see the sun;
'Round us it will shine so bright
It will surely be a sight.

Let us be as a little child,
Then we take affliction mild.
Sunbeams will around us play,
We will see them every day.

You see, this way I have tried,
Though I don't, any of you chide.
I know the way may seem rough,
Be on the Sunny Side, we must.

It will surely, all of us pay,
On the sunny side to stay.
When once we are on this side,
It's easy then, there to abide.

Let us on the sunny side dwell,
Then with us, all will be well.
On Sunny Side we will be sure,
Whatever comes, we can endure.

We are flowers that have been pruned
That we may bring forth more bloom.
Let us be flowers so rare,
That people will at us stare.

Bloom so bright that we will glisten,
And the people stop to listen,—
To our songs of hope and cheer,
Till they always want us near.

May they all so inspired,
Of this way they will inquire,
As they see the brightness streaming,
They will know it leads to heaven.

We can tell them with a nod,
'Tis the path that Jesus trod.
This is the way of peace and love
Grows brighter, till we reach heaven
above.

Then come on all you my dear friends,
This is the message to you I send.
Get on this bright and flowery way,
And try, always, thereon to stay.

This way will give you greater joy,
Than anything you can employ
Joy and comfort while here you live
And in the next life, gladness give.

Now all we afflicted ones,
Let us say, "Thy will be done"
Let us bloom as the flowers in May,
Don't you think that it will pay?

Jesus suffered, passed under the rod.
Thorns were many, in the path He trod.
"Father, not my will, but thine be done"
These were the words of God's own Son.

E. L. P.

CHAPTER XIII.

DREAMS.

Don't you like to dream sweet dreams? I will tell you one I dreamed the other night. I dreamed I was in a most beautiful city. How grand everything was! I was going around enjoying the scenery, when I heard my name called, "Eddie Potts." I looked and saw a group of most beautiful little girls, all dressed in white, sitting on a beautiful lawn. They also had some pretty dolls. When I looked at them they motioned for me to come to them and I sat down on the grass with them. They began to tell me the names of their dolls and I asked what their names were. So they told me their names. I stayed with them awhile and had a very nice time, but I soon awoke to find it, only a dream. Dear friends, those beautiful dreams will not always be dreams. Sometime we are going to awaken in that beautiful Land where they will be REAL.

Think what it will be to open our eyes,
In springtime splendor, with fairest skies.
Where the snowy lilies like diamonds shine,
And the roses bloom in that land devine.
Where the birds they sing their praise to God,
When we have passed from under the rod.

NEARING THE SHORE.

How gleam the far, fair lights on shore,
That tell of home and rest.
While landward rolling in the breeze,
We plow the waves' white crest.

How faint and sweet the voices sound,
That call to us from shore;
They call to peace and rest and love,
Our long, long, voyage o'er.

Upon the strand soon we shall stand.
Our faring forth all done.
We shall bless our Captain then,
Glad for the haven won.

George L. Andrews—

LOOK UP.

Look up beyond the clouds,
The beautiful sun is shining,—
Beyond the mist which enshrouds
Our path, God's love is shining.

O yes, the morning bright and fair,
Is coming fast, so cheer up.
For everyone who trusts in God,
The sky must shortly clear up.

All who are patient, faithful and kind,
All who accept Christ our Savior,
Will certainly in due time find,
The joy that lasts forever.

—S. E. Roth.

KEEP THE BRIGHT SIDE OUT.

Talk about the sunny days,
If the clouds are in the sky.
Think about the blooming ways,
When the dead leaves flutter by.

Do the kindly, helpful thing,
Let the selfish pleasures go.
And within your heart will sing,
Something sweeter than you know.

Keep the blessing on the fore,
Press the murmur back awhile;
Other hearts are troubled sore,
Needing cheerful words and smiles.

Look for what is best in all,
Charity has veiled your eyes.
Yet her glance is quick to fall—
Where a hidden treasure lies.

Talk of health and happy things,
Let your woes be slow of speech.
Life will shortly spread its wings,
To a flight beyond their reach.

Tell about the sunny days,
Till before you are half done;
Down along the common ways,
Joys come laughing in the sun.

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MOTHER.

In all the world, go where you will,
You will never find another;
Who will cling to you, through good or ill,
And love you like a mother.

In all the world, where'er you roam—
With sister, wife or brother;
You will never know so sweet a home,
As that one made by mother.

In all the world, though wealth demands,
For you the work of others;
You will never find a pair of hands,
To toil for you, like mother's.

In all the world, though friends sincere
Are more to you than brothers;
You will never find another here,
With a voice as kind as mother's.

In all the world, though you create,
A pleasure for another,
You can to none give joy so great,
As you can give to mother.

In all the world, where you in bliss,
May soon forget another;
There is no one whom you will miss,
When she is gone, like mother.

—Selected.

Yet a little while we linger,
E're we reach the journey's end;
Yet a little while we labor
E'er the evening shades descend.

On the banks beyond the river,
We shall meet no more to sever,
In the bright, the bright forever;
In the summer land of song.
—Selected.





From Rosaline, by permission.

A MARRIAGE SCENE.

There's a bright side to married life,
When with each other there's no strife.
When two hearts in unison dwell,
Then all will be well.

CHAPTER XIV.

HEAVEN.

We are going to ask the reader to leave this world for a moment—in thought—and come with me to get a view of heaven. We shall take it for granted that you believe there is a place called heaven. Whatsoever else man believes, there are few who do not believe that there is a place in eternity for man to abide forever. For our first view, let us take a look at the eternity of heaven. It is a place that has no end of time. Of course we cannot grasp the fulness of this fact, but think for a moment as far out into eternity as you can. There are no years in heaven but you can think of it as possessing years. Think of ten thousand years compared with this life. Then think of ten thousand times ten thousand, and you have one hundred million years. This is more than we can comprehend, but it is only a slight atom, compared with eternity. In fact when this vast period has passed, not any part of eternity is gone. The duration of eternity never grows less. Such a place can be the abode of man. You can think of some whom you think have gone to that place. Some of them may be very dear to you.

Next, let us view heaven as a place of purity, for such it is. It is the place where God has His throne. This fact is many times declared in the Revelation to John. He saw flowing out from the throne a pure river of water, clear as crystal. This suggests to our mind something of the purity of the throne. John speaks of "the Great White throne." Whiteness is a symbol of purity. He speaks of seeing a rainbow round about the throne, like unto an emerald. God who reigns there is holy. "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts." Jesus who is sitting on the right hand of God, is holy. The angels are holy, all the inhabitants of heaven are holy. Heaven is so pure that "There shall in no wise enter into it, anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." Rev. 21:27.

Those who are living in "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, wrath, sedition, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, reveling and such like," cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, because heaven is pure. This place is so pure that only the pure can go there. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Heaven is a place of love. In heaven everybody loves. This indeed makes us long to be there. In this world is hatred, malice en-

vy and strife; but in heaven there are none of these evils. Picture to yourself a place where there are unnumbered myriads of angels, a multitude greater than any man can number, of all nations, kindred, tongues and people, all loving in the fulness of their souls. We all want to spend eternity in such a place.

We also see heaven as a place of happiness. There is never a tear in heaven. Here there are tears; but there all tears are wiped away. This is no mere sentimentalism, but a scriptural truth. "And the Lord shall wipe away tears from off their faces." Isa. 25:8. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 7:17. Here on earth is the place to sow; in heaven is the place to reap. Here we sow in tears, but in heaven we reap in joy. It is not true that we have none of the reaping or joy here, but there especially in heaven we shall reap. There is no shedding of tears, because the Bible says there is neither "sorrow or crying."

Neither is there any pain in heaven, and there they never die. Oh, heaven, sweet land of purity! where angels upon their harps of gold send forth sounds which awaken raptures that cannot be conceived by mortal man.

No sorrow can enter such a land of bliss. The sacred songs of the angels, rejoicing

around the throne, the concord of vocal strains pouring forth from the immortal throng; will thrill the hearts of the redeemed of all ages, with transformed joy.

Heaven is a place of endless day; night never comes there, no darkness ever falls. God is light, they need no sun or moon. Efulgent beams are shed forth from the eternal presence of God, in pure ethereal streams that so flood the eternal city with light, that all the darkness of Satan cannot send forth one little shade into that land of transcendant light. An ocean of glory from the white throne rolls in resplendent radiance over the elysian fields of heaven, and all them that are saved shall walk in the light of it. Oh, reader, are you saved? Do you want to walk forever along the verdant banks of the crystal river of bliss, or through the fields of amaranth, wearing robes of white and bearing upon your brow the crown of life. Such an undefiled, unfading inheritance is yours, reserved in heaven. To obtain it, will you not meet the conditions of God's word? —C. E. D. Selected.

WHEN JESUS COMES.

Some people seem surprised at the eagerness of others for the return of the Lord Jesus to the earth. Why should they not be

eager for Him to return when it will mean reunion for the parted, immortality for the mortal, health for the sick, land for the landless, habitation for the homeless, plenty for the destitute, bread for the hungry, water for the thirsty, sight for the blind, hearing for the deaf, speech for the dumb, strength for the weak, youth for the aged, liberty for the captive, riches for the poor, peace for the troubled, rest for the weary, gladness for the sorrowing, songs for the sighing, perfect bodies for the cripples, mansions for the huts, crowns for the crosses, light for darkness, wisdom for ignorance, harmony for discord, and perfect beauty with an eternal inheritance in the kingdom of God for all His ransomed people. —Selected.

CHRIST IS COMING.

Nigh two thousand years have gone by since Jesus left this earth to go back to heaven, there to prepare a place for those that do His will. He is coming again. Then forever, will be suspended the world's pleasures and business, with the allurements of the one and the wear, hurry and bustle of the other. These so often shut out God and leave no time for people to think of their soul's deep need. Then will be forever arrested, the world's boasted progress; and

man in his mad career of proud indifferences to the claims of God, will be brought face to face with Him who is the appointed judge of all. "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Matt. 16:26. Reader, if Jesus should come this moment would you be ready? Are you on the bright and shining way where Jesus is? If not, do not fail to get there; come to Jesus just now. Have you learned to live with Jesus? Has He become your nearest, dearest friend of all? Is He ever interwoven in your thoughts of others? Are you always thinking of His love and care? Then do not worry if death comes for none who believe in Him will ever die. On this bright and "Sunny Side" we have nothing to fear if we only trust Him and look forward to that bright eternal home. May we all learn to see the glory of God in Jesus, until it brings us a present resurrection of buried hopes and a life full of joy in Him. "We shall know each other there." "Meet me there" "In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore"

Down by the sea, the crystal sea,

Where all the redeemed shall be.

I say to all, stay on the "bright side" of life.
Think of heaven. Oh, heaven, sweet happy home!

CONCLUSION.

Friends, you may think from the way I write that I never do anything, but I do. I am busy most all the time at something. I can do many things about the house. I am agent for all kinds of magazines and newspapers and would be glad to receive all your subscription orders. Send for my catalog, low prices on magazines. Tell your friends to send me an order for my little book, for the small sum of \$1. This won't amount to much to you who buy but to me it will help a great deal.

I also will train and sell to anyone at a reasonable price, a pair of goats like the ones I drive.

With best wishes and kind regards to all,
I am, Yours on the "Bright Side,"

EDWARD L. POTTS,
Owassa, Ala.

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AN EXPLANATION.

Those that have given me advanced orders for my book, I hope will not think hard of me, about the size. I tried for a long time to get all the original copy printed, but failed because of high cost of printing. This is not half as large as the book I wanted. I had to cut down the size to get it printed.



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